

ME
DURANGO KID
No. 21

and

CHARLES STARRETT as

10¢

the DURANGO KID



FBG

Super POWERFUL!



LONG RANGE

MADE BY GERMAN ARTISANS

ONLY \$3.00 NOT \$10.00



FREE

OF EXTRA COST TO YOU

A handsome SURPRISE FRIENDSHIP GIFT given with every pair of KLARO-VIS. You'll be surprised and delighted. We do this to win you as a lifetime friend and customer. Tell your friends about us! This gift is yours to KEEP ALWAYS, even if you RETURN the KLARO-VIS for full refund! Put your trust in this friendly company! Send coupon TODAY!

- 3 x 40 mm. Power Lenses
- Sharp Clear Views
- Smart, Modern Design
- Centre-Focusing Wheel
- Big Size and Big Power
- Satisfaction Guaranteed

*Flex-o-matic
Carrying Case Included*

SEND NO MONEY — Try at our risk!

Here's a LIFETIME BARGAIN for you! Compare with domestic binoculars selling up to 10.00 for clarity, light weight and rugged construction! Just look thru them once and you'll be convinced of their quality. You will be thrilled with the GERMAN KLARO-VIS lens that give you TERRIFIC MAGNIFICATION POWER, a wide field of view and sharp, brilliant detail! Smooth SYNCHRONIZED centre focusing mechanism gives you quick, easy adjustments. Light weight — easy to carry with you — yet they are so STRONGLY made that it is virtually IMPOSSIBLE TO BREAK THEM in normal use! Yes, this is what you have always wanted — now yours at an unbelievably LOW PRICE — while they last!

BIG SIZE — BIG POWER — BIG VALUE

Please do not confuse the KLARO-VIS with crudely made Binoculars claiming 18 MILE RANGES! These are NEW and so DIFFERENT made by GERMAN ARTISANS. You receive BIG POWER, BIG SIZE and a BIG, LIFETIME BARGAIN!

A LIFETIME OF THRILLS AWAITS YOU!

When you own this power-packed instrument, distances seem to melt away... you always have a "ringside" seat at boxing matches, races, baseball or football. You get an intimate view of nature, the sky at night, distant sunsets, birds and wild animals, distant boats, seashore scenes, etc. You see what your neighbors are doing (without being seen). Carry them with you on hunting trips too!

FREE TRIAL OFFER — ENJOY AT OUR RISK!

We want to send you a pair of these super-power glasses for you to examine and enjoy for ONE WHOLE WEEK — without obligation.

You take no chances. Test them... use them as you like. Compare them for value and power with binoculars selling up to 10.00. Then YOU be the JUDGE! If you're not thrilled, then return and get your MONEY BACK! Don't send ONE PENNY — pay postman only 3.00 plus postage on arrival. Do it today — WHILE SUPPLY LASTS. Don't miss the fun and thrills another day. RUSH THE TRIAL COUPON RIGHT NOW.

MAIL COUPON FOR HOME TRIAL!

CONSUMERS MART, Dept. 80-P-134

131 West 33rd Street New York 1, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: RUSH your guaranteed KLARO-VIS Super Power Field Glasses for a whole week's home trial — FREE of obligation and your SURPRISE FRIENDSHIP GIFT. I will pay postman 3.00 plus postage on arrival. I shall enjoy them, and use them for a whole week and if not satisfied with this thrilling bargain, you are to send my 3.00 back. The surprise Friendship Gift is mine to KEEP even if I return the KLARO-VIS!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____

STATE _____

☐ EXTRA SAVINGS FOR YOU! Send 3.00 cash, check or money order with this coupon and we pay ALL POSTAGE costs. SAME MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Charles Starrett as THE DURANGO KID. February-March 1953. Vol. 1, No. 21. Published every other month by Magazine Enterprises, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Publication and Subscription Office, 420 DeSoto Avenue, St. Louis 7, Mo. Executive, Editorial and Subscription Office, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Publisher, Vincent Sullivan; Editor, Raymond C. Krank. Entered as second-class matter December 19, 1949, at Magazine Enterprises. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions, other than the title character appearing in this magazine, and those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Printed in U.S.A.

THE DURANGO KID

the DURANGO KID

ART BY
FRED GUARDINER

THE CIVILIZED PRESENT JOINS FORCES WITH THE PRIMITIVE PAST TO MAKE A DEADLY COMBINATION FOR EVIL. IT'S THE FIGHT OF TEN CENTURIES WHEN

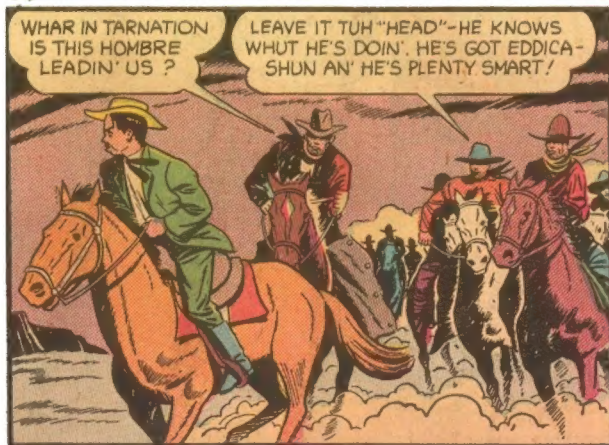
THE DURANGO KID
MAKES HIS ASSAULT ON
"THE CRIME
FORTRESS!"



A BAND OF DESPERATE MEN RIDES GRIMLY ACROSS THE PRAIRIE...

WHAR IN TARNATION
IS THIS HOMBRE
LEADIN' US ?

LEAVE IT TUH "HEAD" - HE KNOWS
WHUT HE'S DOIN'. HE'S GOT EDDICA-
SHUN AN' HE'S PLENTY SMART!



YOU BET I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!
I'VE COLLECTED ALL YOU MEN TOGETHER -
THE MOST BLOODTHIRSTY GUNRIDERS
IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY! AND
WITH ME AS YOUR LEADER WE'LL
HAVE SOME **ORGANIZED**
OWLHOOTING AROUND
HERE!



THE DURANGO KID



...AND SPREAD TERROR ACROSS THE LAND!

BANCHES RAIDED...

TRAVELERS WAYLAID...



THE DURANGO KID

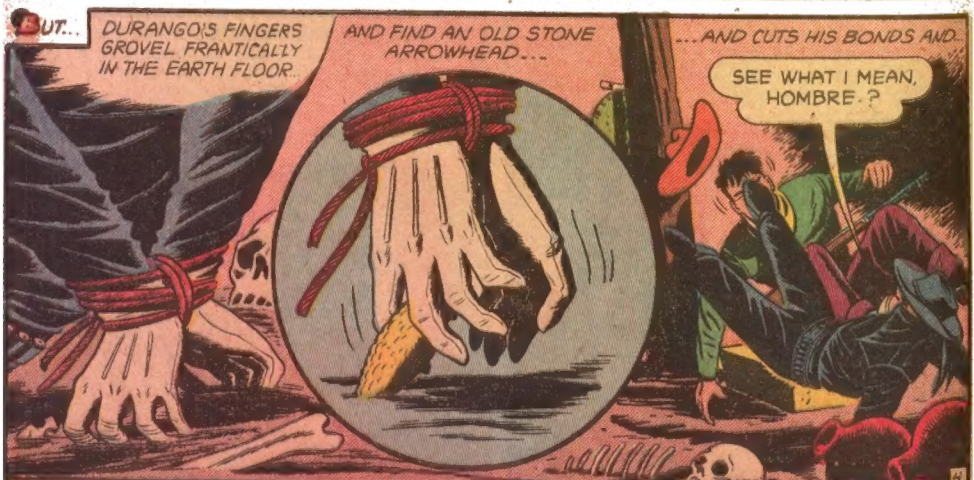


THE DURANGO KID

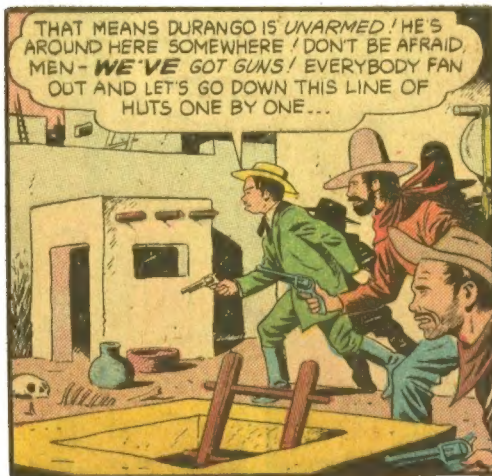


WE'LL BRING HIM BACK TO OUR HIDEOUT-I WANT TO PLAY WITH HIM A WHILE MAYBE A LITTLE WELL-DIRECTED TORTURE WILL REVEAL SOME INFORMATION ABOUT LOCAL BANKS AND MAIL SHIPMENTS!

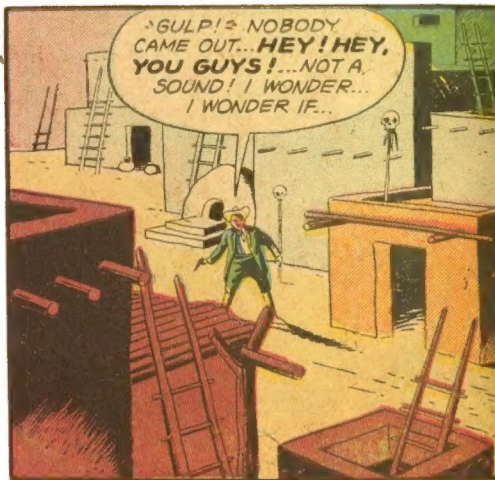
SMART! SAY, WHO GITS THE HOSS?



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

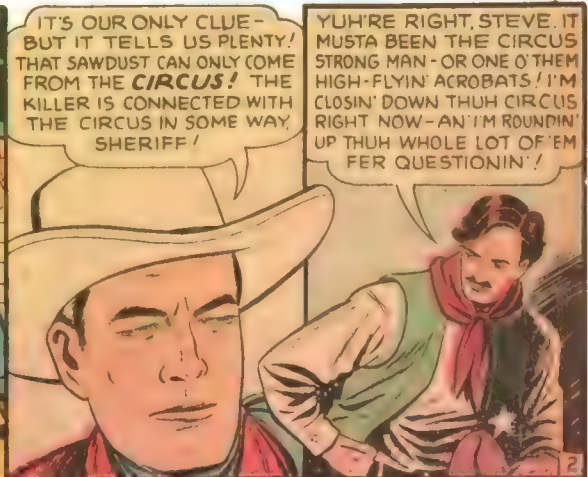
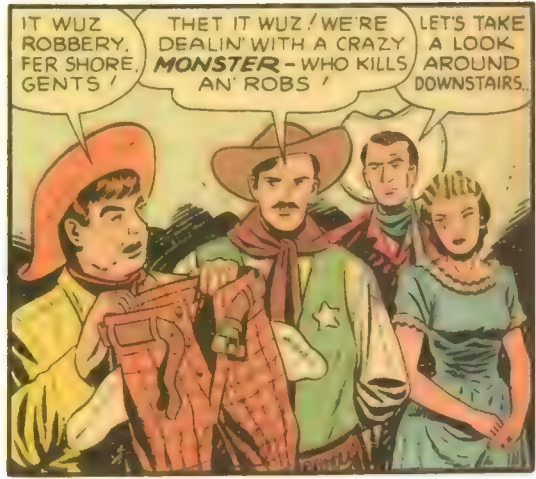
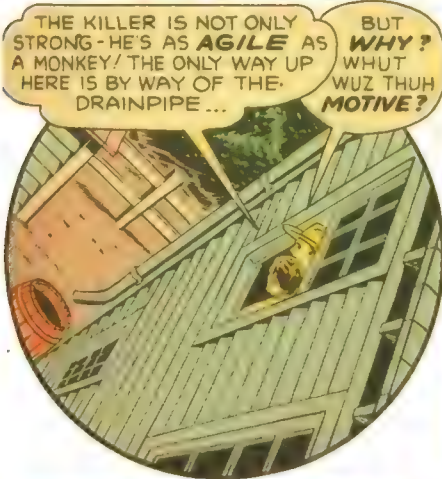
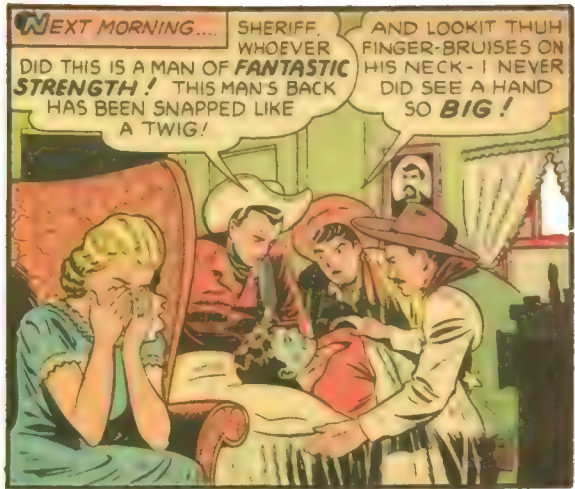


THE DURANGO KID

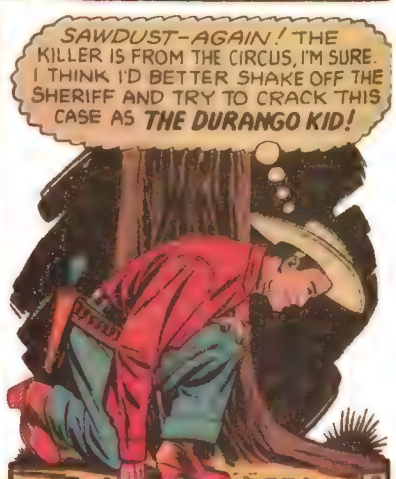
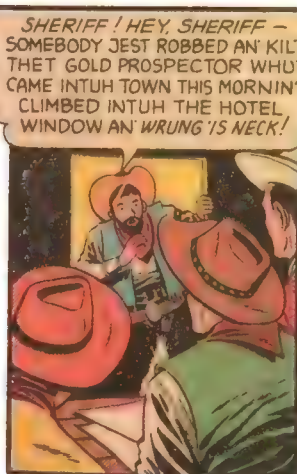
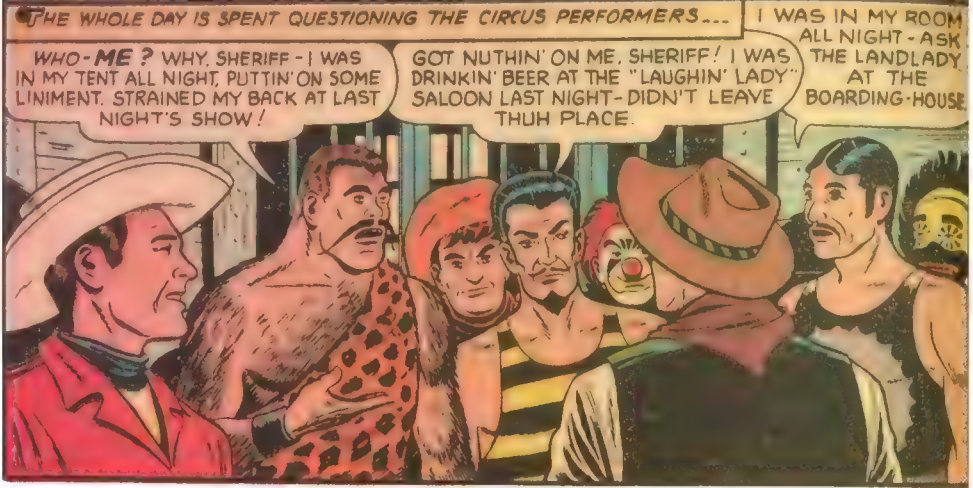




THE DURANGO KID



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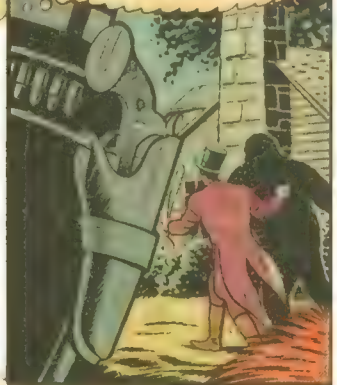
THAT NIGHT... WHO'S THAT COMING OUT OF THAT WAGON? IT'S THE ANIMAL TRAINER-AND SOMEBODY ELSE. THEY'RE SURE BEING QUIET ABOUT WHATEVER THEY'RE UP TO... THEY'RE HEADING FOR THAT BUCKBOARD...



I'D LIKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THAT OTHER ONE - THE ONE WITH THE BIG SHOULDERS AND ARMS. HMMM. CAN IT BE - ? BUT I'VE GOT TO BE SURE... GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE UP TO....!



THEY STOPPED THEIR WAGON IN THE BUSHES AND NOW THEY'RE SNEAKING TOWARD THAT RANCHHOUSE...



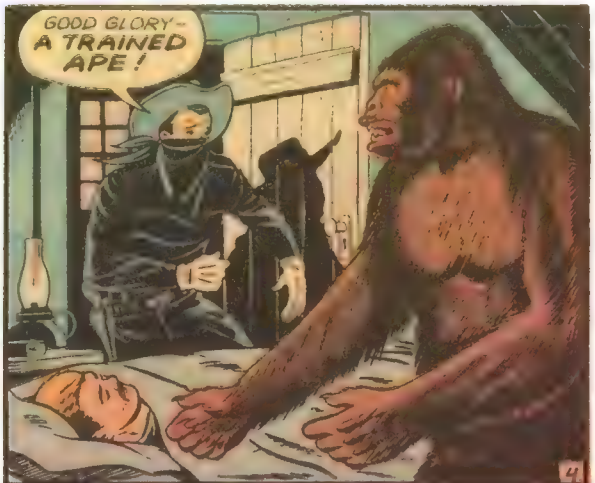
AND THERE GOES THE BIG ONE RIGHT UP THE CHIMNEY - LIKE AN APE! BLAZES - I'D BETTER ACT FAST!



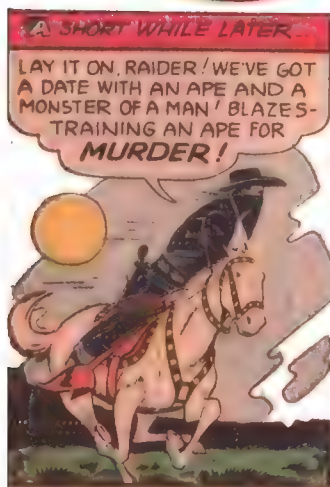
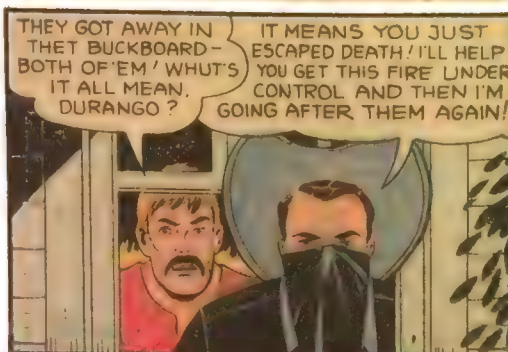
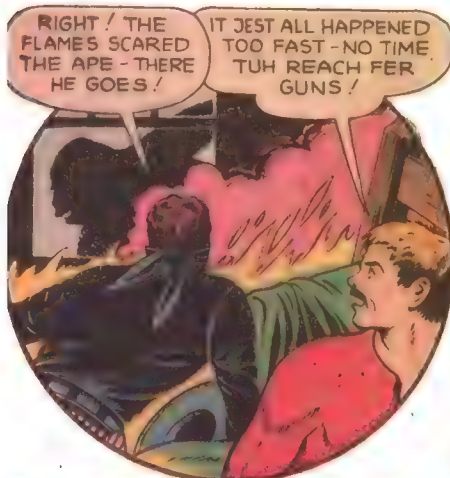
THAT OUGHT TO HOLD HIM FOR AWHILE! - BUT I'LL BE BACK LATER - I'VE GOT TO GET THROUGH THAT DOOR AND UPSTAIRS BEFORE...



GOOD GLORY - A TRAINED APE!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

THE MASTER ANIMAL TRAINER IS A QUICK ARTIST WITH THE LASH...

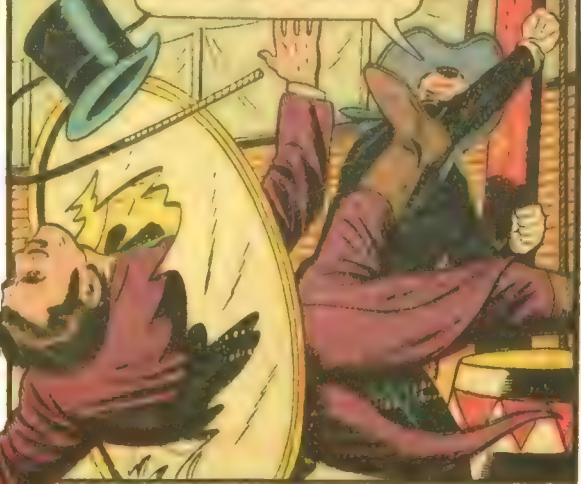
TRY AND GET ME! I HAVE A FEW TRICKS LIKE **THIS!**

I DON'T NEED A GUN FOR YOU, HOMBRE - I WANT THE PLEASURE OF BATTING YOU AROUND A BIT...

CRACK!



...LIKE **THIS!** YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN MAKE BEASTS JUMP THROUGH HOOPS.



THIS IS THE LAST BIG NOISE YOU'LL MAKE, KILLER!

GNNG!



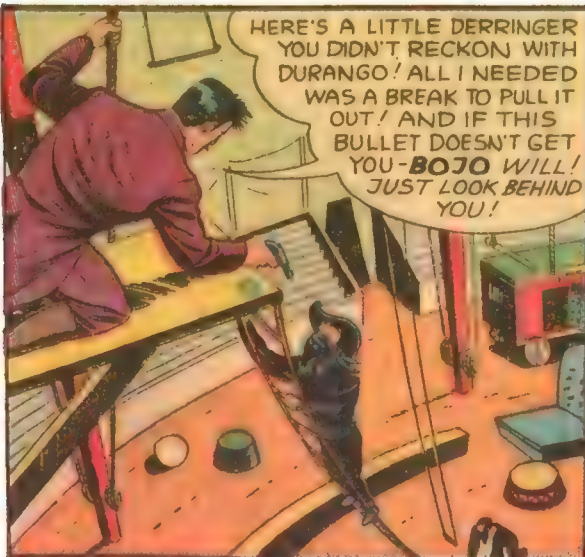
BUT THE APE'S CAGE IS NOT LOCKED!

I'M A HARD MAN TO CATCH, DURANGO!

AND I'M A HARD ONE TO SHAKE OFF, HOMBRE!



HERE'S A LITTLE DERRINGER YOU DIDN'T RECKON WITH DURANGO! ALL I NEEDED WAS A BREAK TO PULL IT OUT! AND IF THIS BULLET DOESN'T GET YOU-**BOJO** WILL! JUST LOOK BEHIND YOU!



BUT THE TRAINER IS NOT AS GOOD WITH HIS DERRINGER AS HE IS WITH HIS WHIP. THE BULLET MISSES AND...

YAHRRR!



THE DURANGO KID

THE APE, MADDENED BY PAIN AND SURPRISE, GOES BESERK!

YAHHRRG!

NO! NO! BACK, BOJO - BACK! I DIDN'T MEAN IT, BOJO - I DIDN'T MEAN IT - I DIDN'T -!



AIIIIII!

KILLED BY HIS OWN TRAINED APE - AN APPROPRIATE END! BUT I'VE GOT TO GET DOWN AND FIND MY GUN BEFORE THAT APE COMES AT ME...



TOO LATE! I'VE GOT TO FIGHT IT OUT WITH THAT APE - AND THAT GUN SHOT HAS MADE HIM TOUGHER TO HANDLE THAN EVER...



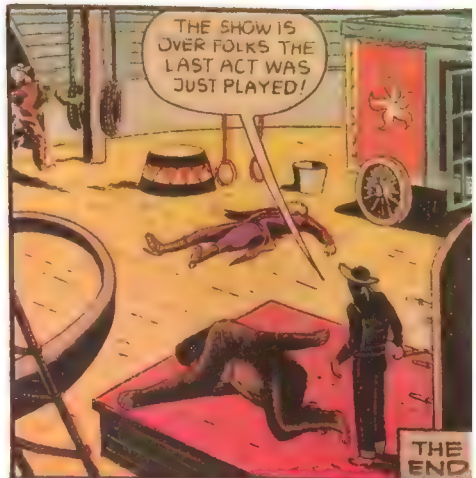
HE'S TOO STRONG FOR ME... MY ARM - CRACKED THIS IS IT, DURANGO. HEY, THESE KNIVES...



...MUST PULL A KNIFE... MUSTER LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH... HERE COMES THE APE... UGH...!



THE SHOW IS OVER FOLKS THE LAST ACT WAS JUST PLAYED!



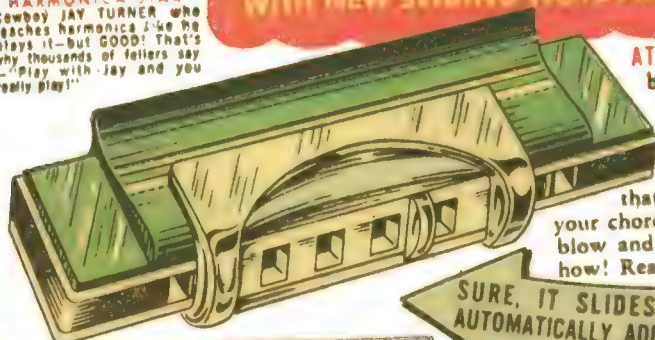
THE END



Radio's Super-Special
HARMONICA STAR
Cowboy JAY TURNER who
teaches harmonica like he
plays it—but GOOD! That's
why thousands of fellows say
—“Play with Jay and you
really play!”

Play **Hot** HARMONICA MUSIC Red Hot **In 8 Minutes Flat!**

**RICH CHORDS AND TRICKIEST TUNES A SNAP
WITH NEW SLIDING NOTE FINDER-HARMONICA!**



AT LAST, a way to get hep to
being a real harmonica maestro
in a few **FAST MINUTES!**
Leave it to Big Jay to dope out
a sensational new “**SLIDING
NOTE FINDER**” Harmonica
that picks out your notes . . . adds
your chords . . . does **EVERYTHING** but
blow and take your bows! Fun . . . and
how! Read exciting details below!

**SURE, IT SLIDES! PICKS OUT ANY MELODY!
AUTOMATICALLY ADDS CHORDS! NO NOTES TO READ!**



Only
\$1

LOOK! FREE!

**JAY'S NEW, ALL-PICTURE
SPEED COURSE!**

**YOU LEARN LATEST
RHYTHM ROPES**
whizzing through Jay's
exciting Speed Course!

You don't even have to
read a note of music. You just whiz along
with plain-as-plain **PICTURE** directions.
Then in 8 zippy minutes, you're whizzing
through harmonica music that makes
super-swell listening. Speed Course gives
you music, words and “works” for 38 of
your all-time favorites like—Yankee
Doodle; Old Black Joe; Oh, My Little Dar-
ling; For He's A Jolly Good Fellow; Home-
Sweet Home; Reuben Reuben, Comin'
Thro' The Rye; Pop Goes The Weasel—
and 30 MORE!



A STAR-SPANGLED TUNE!

Honest, Pal, you don't know what real fun
is 'til you get “harmonica hot” the exciting
Jay Turner way! Boy, Oh Boy! Watch the
gang gather when you swing those cowboy
favorites! Hear ‘em whistle and sing as
you roll into “Little Brown Jug” and “Oh!
Susanna!” And will you have to beat it fast
to escape the girls' Sinatra-swoons. Then at
dances, hikes, picnics wherever pals and
gals get together, who's Mr. Popularity?
Nobody else but you!

**A CINCH—WITH JAY'S
“SLIDING NOTE FINDER”**

You name it! Be-bop or swing, cowboy or
hillbilly tunes, waltzes, hot jazz or jumpin'
jive—Jay's magic **SLIDING NOTE FINDER**
actually picks out the right notes for you as it slides back and forth
over the top of your harmonica! You don't fuss around trying to
blow through 10 different openings of the harmonica. Instead, you
use just **ONE SINGLE** opening in your **MAGIC SLIDING NOTE
FINDER**. Right away you're playing the melody. Then, like magic,
the **NOTE FINDER** automatically adds the right chords—and
you're making like a real radio professional!

GRAB JAY'S “NO RISK” OFFER TODAY!

When your pal, Jay, says “No Risk”—he means just that! So treat yourself to this
never-before harmonica deal today. Then if in 8 minutes flat you're not playing
actual tunes, just shoot back the **MAGIC “SLIDING NOTE FINDER” HARMONICA**,
and you get your dollar back at once! **MURRY**, this may be your last chance!

RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!

MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, 11 Park Place, DEPT. DK 21 New York 7, N. Y.

OKAY, JAY! I enclose \$1.00. Shoot me my **MAGIC “SLIDING
NOTE FINDER” HARMONICA**, plus **FREE SPEED COURSE**
and **FREE** dope on **HARMONICA TRICKS**. If I'm not delighted,
I may return the Harmonica in 5 days, and get my \$1 right back.

Name (Print Name)

Address

City Zone State

**WANT TO IMITATE A TRAIN COMING IN? SCARE
ALL THE GIRLS WITH HAIR-RAISING “GHOST
NOISES”? IT'S EASY WITH JAY WHIZZING YOU
UP ON THESE AND LOTS MORE PROFESSIONAL
HARMONICA TRICKS!**

SEND IN THIS COUPON TODAY!

MAGAZINE ENTERPRISES, 11 Park Place, DEPT. DK 21 New York 7, N. Y.



PROGRESS
NEVER CAME
WITHOUT A FIGHT... AND
THE NEW CATTLE TRAIN
COULD NEVER GO THROUGH
UNTIL DURANGO GRABBED
IRON AGAINST THE NEW
MENACE OF
**"RUSTLIN'
RAILS!"**

-FRED GUARDJEER

A NEW NOTE OF PROGRESS IS SOUNDED IN
CACTUS FLATS...

WAL, GENTS,
THAR SHE GOES... THUH FIRST
TRAINLOAD O' CATTLE FER
MARKET 'RECKON THUH RAIL-
ROAD'S HYAR THUH STAY!

IT SURE BEATS
HERDIN' EM OVER
TWO HUNDRED
MILES OF DESERT,
DOESN'T IT?



IT'S NOT ONLY EASIER, GENTLEMEN-
IT'S SAFER! WITH THE RAILROAD HANDLING
YOUR CATTLE TO MARKET, YOU NEED
HAVE NO FEAR OF RUSTLING ATTACKS
YOU CAN GO HOME AND SLEEP
SOUNDLY NOW!



THOSE DUMB SUCKERS! THEY
WOULDN'T SLEEP SO EASY IF THEY
KNEW WHAT WAS GOING TO
HAPPEN! AND BEST OF ALL-
NOBODY WILL EVER SUSPECT
ME, THE RAILROAD AGENT!

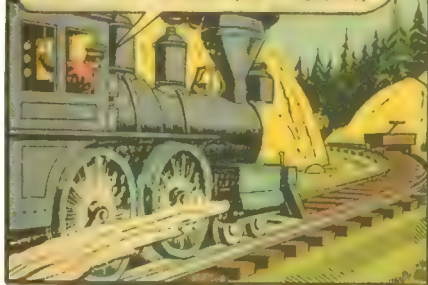
RIGHT! OUR
BOYS ARE ALL
READY DOWN
THE TRACKS,
MARKER, LET'S
GO!



THE DURANGO KID

SOMETIME LATER, DOWN THE RAILROAD TRACKS...

NOW DON'T THAT BEAT ALL? THET DUMB CONSTRUCTION CREW LEFT A HAND-CAR RIGHT ON THUH TRACKS! I'LL HAVE TUH STOP THUH TRAIN AN' GIT THET HAND-CAR OFF, DAWGONNIT!



OKAY, MEN - OPEN UP THEM CATTLE-CARS AN' LET'S GET THAT BEEF OUT FAST! **MOVE!**



AS THE TRAIN COMES TO A STOP...

JEHOSEPHAT!
IT'S AN
AMBUSH!

GRAB THET
ENGINEER,
BOYS!



GROAN-... MUH HAID... HIT'S A RUSTLIN' ATTACK!...THEY'LL KILL ME IF I STAY HYAR MEBBEE I KIN JUMP THET HOSS...



MUSTERING HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH, THE ENGINEER JUMPS A HORSE AND FLEES FOR HIS LIFE...

MADE IT!
SHAKE YORE FEET,
BRONC AN' LET'S
GIT BACK TUH
TOWN WITH THUH
NEWS!

HE GOT AWAY!
HURRY UP WITH
THEM CATTLE, MEN-
WE GOTTA **VANISH**
AFORE THINGS
START POPPIN'!



IT TAKES AN HOUR AND A HALF FOR A FAST HORSE TO GET TO TOWN...

RUSTLERS!
RUSTLERS! THEY
BUSHED MUH TRAIN
AN' TOOK OFF
THUH REEF!

RUSTLERS ON
THUH RAILROAD!
GRAB YORE
IRONS! GIT ON
THUH PROB!
RUSTLERS!



THE DURANGO KID

WORD SPREADS LIKE A RUNAWAY PRAIRIE FIRE!

LET'S GO GIT 'EM!

WAIT A MINUTE! HOLD IT MEN! THERE'S A BETTER WAY - A MORE MODERN WAY!



THOSE OWLHOOTS HAVE AN HOUR-AND-A-HALF START ON US - AND WE DON'T KNOW WHICH WAY THEY WENT! WHY NOT USE THE RAILROAD'S TELEGRAPH? WE CAN SEND OUT THE ALARM TO ALL TOWNS IN ALL DIRECTIONS...

MARKER'S RIGHT, MEN!



... AND IN A FEW MINUTES, WE'LL CLOSE AN IRON RING OF SHERIFFS AROUND THE WHOLE AREA - NOBODY CAN GET THROUGH! AS AGENT FOR THE RAILROAD, MEN - I'M ALWAYS GLAD TO COOPERATE!

I SURE HOPE IT WORKS!



ALL NIGHT LONG, THE RANCHERS STAND VIGIL OUTSIDE THE RAILROAD OFFICE

GOLLY, THE WHOLE NIGHT'S ALMOST PASSED AN' WE STILL AIN'T HEARD NUTHIN' 'BOUT THEM RUSTLERS.



MEN, WORD'S COME IN FROM ALL THE TOWNS WE ALERTED THERE'S BEEN NO SIGN OF CATTLE OR RUSTLERS - THEY MUST HAVE SLIPPED THROUGH! I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN. THE RUSTLERS ARE CLEVER!

SLIPPED THROUGH? IMPOSSIBLE!



I JEST CAIN'T FIGGER HOW A WHOLE HERD O' CATTLE COULD SLIP THROUGH THEIR RING WE SET!

JUST WHAT I'M THINKING, MULEY! I BELIEVE IT'S TIME FOR MORE OLD-FASHIONED WAYS OF ROUNDING UP RUSTLERS....!



-LIKE RIDING AS THE DURANGO KID!



THE DURANGO KID

AT THE HIDEOUT S'VEE CHANGES TO HIS DURANGO COSTUME AND THEN RIDES OUT NEAR THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

IF THEY DIDN'T GET OUT OF THE RING THEY MUST STILL BE IN IT AND NOT FAR AWAY... THOSE BIRDS OVER THOSE CLIFFS - THAT'S USUALLY A SIGN OF CATTLE...



A HIDDEN BOX CANYON! AND THERE'S THE RUSTLED BEEF!... THEY THOUGHT THEY'D JUST WAIT IT OUT HERE UNTIL THINGS COOLED OFF - SMART!



IF THERE'S A PASS THROUGH THESE CLIFFS I GUESS I CAN'T SEE IT!



BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH!

6NNG!



THIS OUGHT TO RAISE SOME HAIR ON THEIR HEADS! NOW - TO STAMPEDE THE HERD THEY'LL FIND THE ENTRANCE!

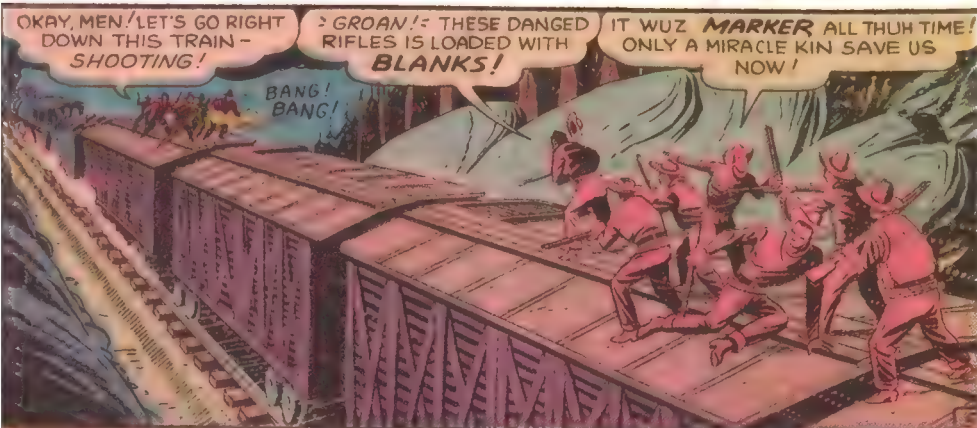
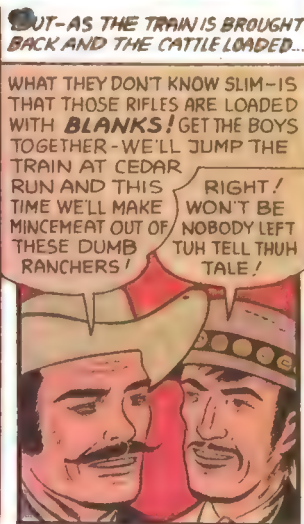
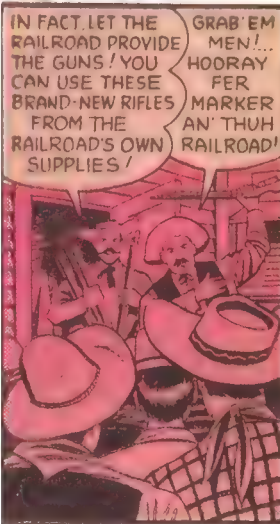
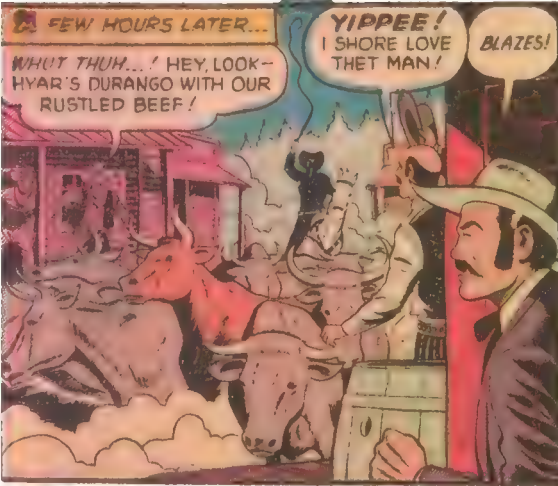


HEY! WHAT'S THAT? RUN!

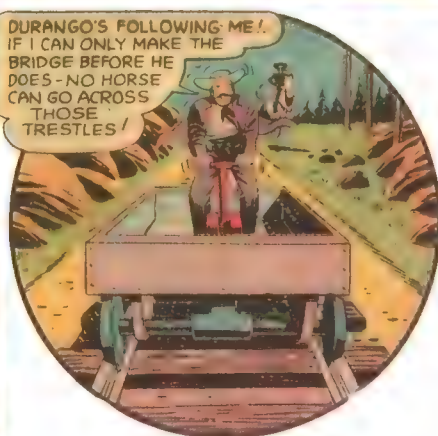
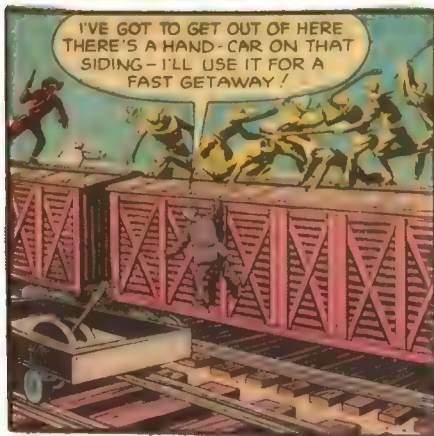
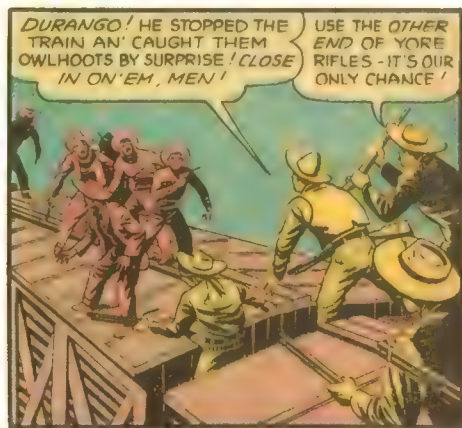
GET ALONG 'WHOOOP' WHOOP!.. YOU'VE GOT TO PICK UP KHALDER AND GET BACK TO TOWN...



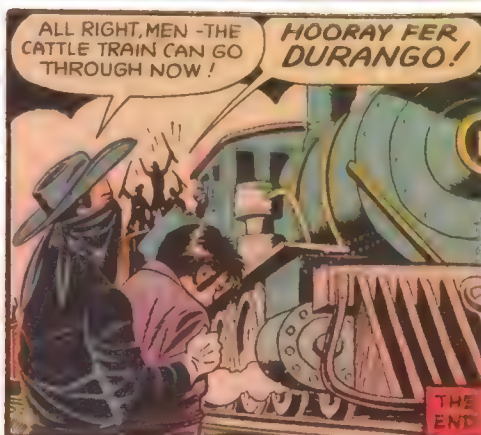
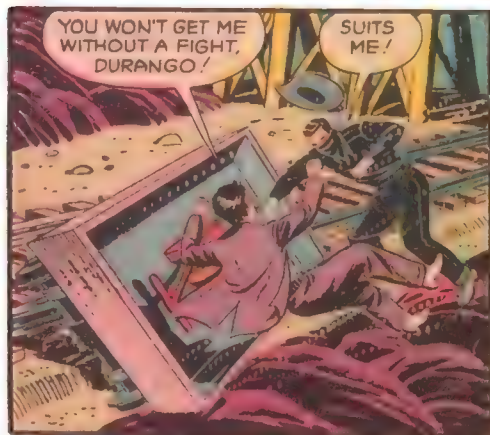
THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE KID BROTHER

THE KID came to his feet with a shocked cry on his lips as he stared down at the bag that his brother had thrown across the tabletop of their little cabin. The bag had spilled open, and a score of packages lay before his eyes.

"One thousand dollars in each package," said Clip Hudson, grinning, rubbing a hand across his stubble-bearded chin. "Twenty thousand iron men, in all. Not bad for a few hours' work, hey, Kid?"

"Clip! You said you were goin' straight! You promised me, when I left that job at the Diamond K spread to ride with you!"

The Kid's hand went out and caught the leather bag and heaved it against the clay-chinked cabin wall. His face was white with the fury of betrayal that rolled inside him. He pressed his hands down flat on the tabletop, and tried to stop shaking.

His brother laughed. "Why, Kid! I didn't know you cared! I'll go straight. We'll take this twenty thousand and hit over the Sierras and into California. How's that sound to you?"

The Kid was bitter. "It sounds good — if that money was ours, and if I didn't know that when it runs out, you'll steal more money like it, from some bank or stagecoach in California!"

"Clip, you promised Maw! Promised her when she lay dyin'! I heard you make that promise, Clip!"

In his anger, the Kid flung away from the table and to the bunk where his bullet-mold and a score of empty brass shells lay scattered. He stared down at them, not seeing them, seeing only his mother's face, wrinkled and prematurely old, in his mind's eye. Clip was her oldest boy, the wild one. It had been Clip who'd robbed a stagecoach when he was fifteen, and had gone on the dodge, into the

Sierra hills. It was Clip who came by night and went by night, in the little valley where the Hudsons made their home.

In bitter shame, Mrs. Hudson had sold her ranch to pay for Clip's robbery, restoring every penny of it to the stagecoach company. The action made her a pauper. She took in washing, and went out to clean house. The Kid had been only a button, then. He remembered the long nights in bed, when his stomach had ached with the hunger in it; when he had gone two, three days without eating anything more than a crust of bread and a glass of milk.

The Kid's eyes were haunted above his tanned cheeks as he whirled from the bunk, and the shells and bullet-mold scattered across the rumpled blanket.

"I've starved for you, Clip! I've had the bellyache because Mom couldn't make enough money to feed me, when I was a baby!"

Clip flushed. He waved a hand at the money spread out on the table. "There's more money there'n you'll see in a month of Nevada Sundays, Kid. Take a handful of 'em. Have yoreself a time when we cross the Pass."

"Keep your stinking, dirty money. I won't touch it!"

Clip Hudson moved like a stalking cat. His big hand went out and fastened in the Kid's faded blue shirt, ripping it across a thin shoulder. The power of his muscles pulled the Kid off his feet, and sent him flying, face first, into a tableleg. The Kid crumpled, and lay still.

Legs apart, Clip Hudson stared at his young brother. His face was flushed with the fury and the passion in him. He whispered "You'll change yore tune, mister high-an'-mighty! I ride the long trail, and I'm goin'—"

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1952.

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Commission Expires March 30, 1954.

THE DURANGO KID

to see you do, too! You're pretty slick with a gun, if you got the guts to use it. I could use an hombre sidin' me in a fight, with a gun like yores!

"Now get on your chicken-feet! Stand up, blast yuh!"

His big hand went down and he lifted the Kid easily, and shook him. "Get over to that bullet-mold, and busy yourself! Keep yore fingers workin'. Let me handle the thinkin' end of this partnership.

The Kid's face was bruised where he had struck the tableleg. Pain danced in his skull, and along a shoulder, but he mumbled, "I'm no partner of yours, Clip Hudson. From now on, I'm not your brother! You're no good, and —"

Clip hit the Kid with the back of his hand and knocked him into the bunk. The bullet-mold went one way and the shells another.

"Pick 'em up!" breathed Clip Hudson harshly. "Get to work, pronto! I'm goin' out an' water down the broncos! When I get back, we'll eat!"

The Kid straightened himself, knelt and picked up the scattered shells. The door slammed behind his brother, and when he was alone, the Kid sat and shivered. *He'll get me killed, one way or another*, he thought. *If I don't find a way to break clean with him, he'll see me killed—or kill me himself!*

The Kid worked there in the light of the kerosene lamps, ramming in the powder, pouring the molten lead, setting the shells.

He had worked for half an hour when he heard the shot, and the yell, and as he came to his feet the door opened, and a man with a bleeding face fell across the threshold.

Clip Hudson came in at the heels of the man, holstering a smoking Colt. His voice was hot, exultant. "Caught this ranny sneak-in' around outside! He's a lawman, Kid. A blasted sheriff!"

Clip leaned forward and flipped the man's vest open. A shiny star badge lay inside the vest, pinned tight. Clip laughed, and there was something in the tone of that laugh that made the Kid shudder and sit down suddenly.

"A blunderin' fool sheriff! Now how d'yuh suppose he trailed me to the cabin, Kid? I'm pretty smart when it comes to coverin' tracks!"

Clip paused and drew a sudden breath, and turned slowly to look at the Kid. Then he laughed. His laughter peeled out, rich and full, and the Kid shook when he recognized the evil in it.

Clip got to his feet and went to the wooden peg where the Kid's Colt and shellbelt hung. He lifted out the gun and tossed it to the Kid.

"You kill him, Kid! You put the bullet in him that'll take him off our trail! Then you'n me will hit up through the Pass and into

California, like I been tellin' you, with twenty thousand dollars to spend."

The Kid was on his feet. "No! I won't —"

Clip's hand caught his jaw and slammed him back across the bunk. He stood there, big and menacing in the lamplight. His voice was hard, deep. "I got a bullhide whip in my warbag, Kid! I ain't never used it on a human bein' yet, but —"

The Kid felt the cold brass shell of a .44 bullet pressed against the back of his hand. *You'll have to kill a man for him, or he'll beat you to death!* And then he caught the bullet in his hand, and there was something wrong with it, and only the Kid's long experience knew what it was, and how he might use that knowledge...

"All right," the Kid said sullenly. "I'll shoot him for you."

Clip grinned, but he pulled his own Colt and held it so the long barrel faced the Kid. "Sure, Kid. I know you will. Go on — *partner!*"

The Kid pushed the freshmade bullets into the cylinder, and closed it with a snap. On trembling legs he went and stood over the sheriff. The law man opened his eyes. He started to say something, when the Kid pulled the trigger —

Clip reached out and took the gun from the Kid's shaking hand. He looked at the red stain spreading on the sheriff's chest. He laughed, "Nice shot, Kid. Now go back to makin' more of them bullets. We'll light out of here and be into the pass by sunup."

How long the Kid worked that night, he would never know. It was an hour beyond midnight, as Clip dozed lightly in his chair, that the sheriff got up from the floor. There was a gun in his hand, and it was aimed at the dozing Clip.

The Kid said, "He made me do it. I —"

The sheriff nodded. "I don't know how you worked it, Kid, but —"

And then Clip Hudson was wide awake, with the alert senses of the outlaw, and the sheriff sprang to meet him. His gunbarrel came across Clip's face, and the outlaw went down in a sodden heap.

When the sheriff asked him how he'd done it, the Kid said, "When I was makin' them bullets my hands was shakin' so much I spilled a lot of powder. It was an old stunt, really. I took a bullet that had just about enough powder in it to split the lead beyond the end of the barrel, so it'd only make you bleed, and maybe knock the wind out of you, but that's all."

The sheriff grinned. "Kid, you're goin' to need a job. I could use a smart young hombre as a deputy. What do yuh say?"

The Kid said, "That suit me fine, mister! *Real fine!*"

THE END

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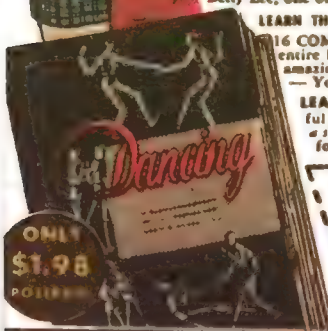
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ABOARD A PRISON SHIP IN THE BOSTON HARBOR ...

>GROAN<...

NO MORE... NO MORE!
DON'T TORTURE ME ANY-
MORE... I CAN'T STAND IT!
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU
WANT TO KNOW!

ALL RIGHT,
MEN—
TAKE THE
SCREWS
OFF...



DAN BRAND AND
"THE FOX" ARE
MEETING TONIGHT
AT THE WILD
BOAR INN! THERE
...SOB!... I'VE
SAID IT!

DAN BRAND AND
"THE FOX"! THEY'RE
THE CLEVEREST
SPIES THE REBELS
HAVE! EGAD, WHAT
A PIECE OF
INFORMATION!



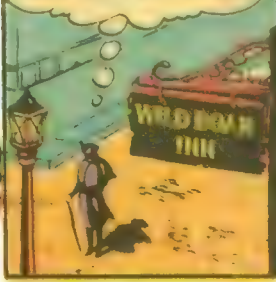
THE DURANGO KID

FINISH THIS COWARD OFF ANYWAY, MEN! WE'VE GOT WHAT WE WANT OUT OF HIM. DAN BRAND AND "THE FOX" WILL HAVE A BIG SURPRISE TONIGHT!



LATER THAT NIGHT, AT THE WILD BOAR INN "THE FOX" GOES TO THE RENDEZVOUS...

NO ONE SUSPECTS ME IN THIS DISGUISE. IF THEY ONLY KNEW THAT I WAS "THE FOX" — REALLY LINDA LA BLANCHE, FRIVOLOUS YOUNG LADY OF FASHION AND HIGH SOCIETY...



I SHOULD PASS FOR AN OLD SICK MAN OUT FOR AN EVENING WALK... I'M SUPPOSED TO MEET DAN NEAR THIS WELL AND PASS ON THE MESSAGE TO GENERAL WASHINGTON... IT'LL BE SO GOOD TO SEE DAN AGAIN...



I HEAR SOMEBODY IN THOSE BUSHES! THAT MUST BE DAN AND TIPI!

IS THAT YOU, DAN?



INSIDE THE WELL —

TOO BAD WE JUST CAUGHT YOU, "FOX". THIS COMMOTION WILL SURELY SCARE DAN BRAND AWAY. BUT I GUESS YOU'RE A BIG ENOUGH CATCH FOR ONE NIGHT...

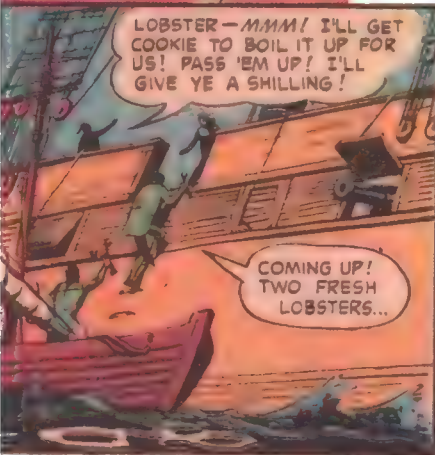
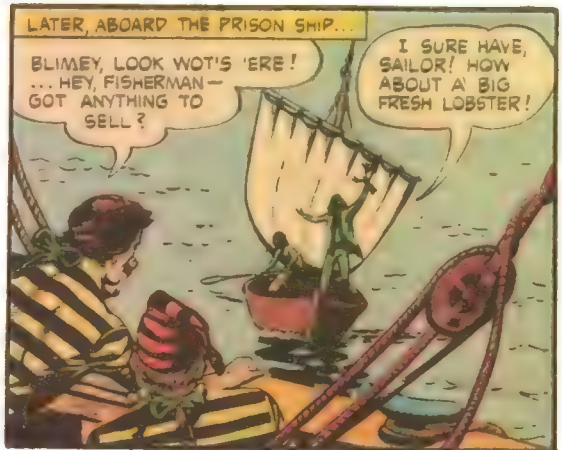
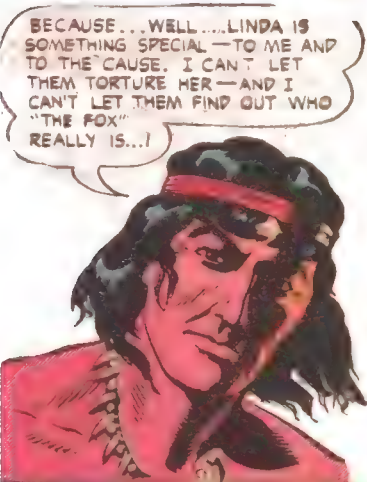
YOU WON'T GET ANYTHING OUT OF ME!



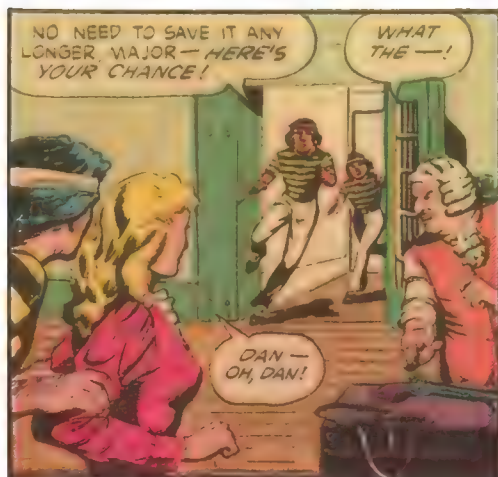
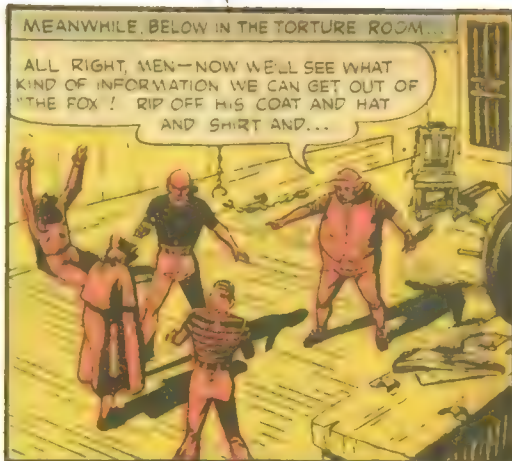
WRONG, "FOX!" IT'S MAJOR SYLVESTER, CHIEF OF BRITISH COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE! I'VE GOT YOU AT LAST!... WELL! — THE FAMOUS "FOX" IS JUST A LITTLE OLD MAN!



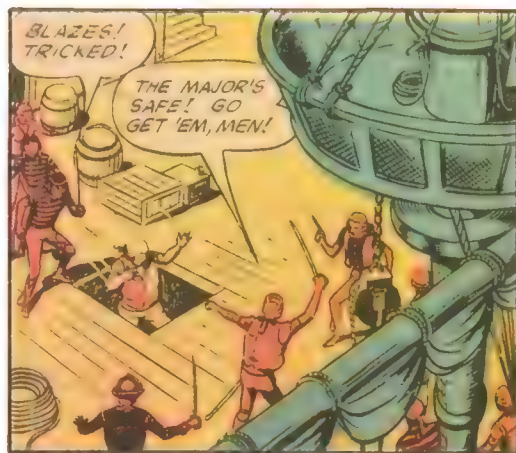
THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF!
START PULLING AWAY—
I'LL JUMP FOR IT!



EVERYBODY
PADDLE—WITH
YOUR HANDS, IF
YOU HAVEN'T AN
OAR! KEEP
MOVING—HERE
I COME!

HURRY,
DAN—
BEFORE
IT'S TOO
LATE!



ABOARD THE PRISON SHIP!

HURRY—LOAD THIS
CANNON AND FIRE!
WE'LL BLAST THEM
RIGHT OUT OF THE
HARBOR!



AND ON THE FISHING BOAT...

TIP!—QUICK! DIP AN ARROW
INTO THAT BARREL OF CAULKING
PITCH!...SOMEBODY GET SOME
DRY FLINT AND LIGHT
THAT ARROW!



I'LL AIM FOR
THE GUN PORTS!
IT'S OUR ONLY
CHANCE!

STEADY,
BROTHER!
MAY YOUR
AIM BE AS
TRUE AS THE
EAGLE'S FLIGHT!



THE BRITISH SAILORS NEVER GET A CHANCE
TO LOAD THEIR CANNON...!

A FLAMING ARROW!
COVER THE GUNPOWDER
CHARGES, QUICK!

I-I-I
CAN'T! I'VE
GOT THE
BLOOMIN'
POWDER CHARGE
RIGHT HERE IN ME
ARMS! Yllllllll!!



YOU DID IT, DAN! YOU
MUST HAVE GOT A
POWDER BAG—AND
THAT SENT UP THE
WHOLE MAGAZINE!
WE'RE SAFE!

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IDENTITY AS "THE
FOX" LINDA. WE
STRUCK A MIGHTY
BLOW FOR AMERICA
THIS NIGHT!

THE END



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